THE

CATHOLIC WEEKLY INSTRUCTOR;

Or, Miscellany of

RELIGIOUS, INSTRUCTIVE, AND ENTERTAINING KNOWLEDGE.

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[The following Letters may be found at the end of a work written by an Oxford Clergyman, and lately published, entitled, "The Ideal of a Christian Church." They are reprinted here, not so much for the pleasing and valuable testimony they bear to the influences of religion in Belgium, as unexceptionable confirmation of the general faithfulness of our "Letters from Belgium," and which have been so very much admired.]

LETTER I.

MY DEAR WARD,

My foreign travel has been confined to Italy, Switzerland, Belgium, and Rhenish Prussia; I visited Italy and Switzerland for the first time eleven years ago, revisited them six years ago, and spent two months in Belgium and Rhenish Prussia two years ago. On first going abroad in 1833, I went with the impressions respecting the Roman Catholics and their system with which I had been brought up, and which were current among those with whom I associated; I expected to find all classes irreligious or indifferent, the poorer classes ignorant, and the priests purposely keeping them so, and I went prepared to look at their religion and their religious services with distaste. At first, I confess, every thing that I saw seemed to confirm the impressions with which I started: if I saw people diverting themselves on Sundays, I concluded that it was a wilful and deliberate desecration of the day; if I saw priests walking amongst them, I concluded they were winking at it; if I saw a poor person by the road side on his knees before a cross, I concluded he had placed himself there for us to see, and I thought all meanly clad monks mere lazy beggars; the very constancy of the people at Church I attributed to formalism, and I thoroughly believed they worshipped images; for I saw them kneeling before them, and I thought that proved it.

The notion that I should find the foreign Catholics indifferent was very soon dispelled; the very manner in which I saw a French steersman at the helm of his vessel take off his cap on passing the large Crucifix on the pier at Dieppe surprised me, and the earnestness and devotion I saw in the charities was something quite new to me; but then I fell back upon the idea, that it was all superstition and idolatry; fraud in the priests and ignorance in the people.

Of the higher classes of laity in the countries in which I have travelled I have seen nothing, but I have seen a good deal of the priests, of the poor, and of the schools for the children of the poor; and the more I saw, the more and more I became convinced how utterly groundless my impressions were. Of the priests (I speak now of Belgium and Prussia where I saw them most) I have a very pleasing recollection; here and there I met with a mere argumentative theologian, but, as a body, I was struck by their kindness of manner and simplicity of life, although in the conversations I had with them I might not agree with them, yet the very idea that they were not honest and sincere quite shocks and distresses me; I felt and still feel convinced that they were religious men.

That the poor are ignorant is, I believe, an entire misapprehension; I never talked to any who were so; I should say they are far, very far, better instructed in religious knowledge than our own people of the same class, and their attention to their religious duties is, to my mind, quite affecting. I have seen in large manufacturing towns hundreds upon hundreds of workpeople, in their working-dress, at mass at 5 o'clock in the morning before going into the factories, with their books, and joining heartily in the service; and I need scarcely say what a contrast this forms to the habits of the same class of persons in this country.

I have visited also many Catholic schools abroad, chiefly those under the superintendance of the Christian Brothers, and my opinion is, that we have nothing to compare with them, either as to the regularity and order of the schools, the extent of the secular education, the carefulness with which religious instruction is conveyed, or the number and character of the teachers.

Upon the whole, my last impression, on returning from a foreign country (Belgium) to our own, was, that I was coming out of a religious country into one of indifference; the open Churches of the former, the frequent services, the constant worshippers, the solemn ceremonial, the collected air of the clergy in their ministrations, the indubitable devotion and reverence of the people, their unhesitating confidence in their Church, has nothing approaching to a counterpart with us; I know nothing more disheartening (I speak of the effect produced upon myself) than a return to England after some time spent in Catholic countries; every thing seems so careless, so irreverent, so dead; with all my heart I wish, and especially for my children's sake, that I could see in this country some approximation to the solemnity, reverence, devotion, and earnestness which I have witnessed abroad.

All this may seem harsh towards my own country, and my own Church, but they are nevertheless the impressions which I have derived from what I have seen; I am of course liable to be swayed by prejudice as well as others, but so far as I know myself, my prejudices, both those of education and of family connexion, were all the other way, and I feel they have been overcome by facts which were irresistible.

I have now given you what you asked for, my impression of the Church on the Continent, and you are quite at liberty to make what use you please of it.

Believe me, Dear Ward,
Yours faithfully,

LETTER II.

MY DEAR WARD,

One of the first things that struck me in France, indeed it is obvious to any one—was the behaviour of the people in the Churches. There was something which one saw at once to be quite of another kind from that correct demeanour which a sense of propriety dictates. A general sense of the purpose for which we go to Church, and due consideration for others, will lead to a regulated and attentive conduct when there. But an attitude of active devotion cannot be mistaken for this; and to see, as you never fail to do on entering any Church, large or small, in France, many of the lowest class wrapt in that visible

absorption of mind which shows at once that a real communication is going on between the soul and God, is indeed a cheering sight—a spirit of prayer and supplication is seen to belong as much now as ever to the body of the Christian people. Often the posture of the worshipper is careless, and would little meet the taste of those who dwell with rapture on the forms of middle-age art, or whose ideas of prayer are formed on such representations as in the offensive archæological jargon are called "a S. Francis nimbed"—the regulations of the Churches may be thought irreverential, the system of chairs introduces a continual traffic, and the never-ending circuits of a noisy beadle, rattling the money he is collecting, sadly breaks up the ideal some are apt to form of the still and solemn ceremonial—with all this, there is that in the appearance of the people which shows at once that they come there not from curiosity, from habit, or from fashion, but for a definite act to join heart and soul at the great sacrifice in communion with the faithful living and dead. Fashion may carry the French to sermons, but not to mass or to private prayer in the Church. The theory of Catholicism may be fashionable, but submission to its rules in practice is very far from being. It is not many years since a priest could not appear in his habit in the streets of Paris without risk of insult—and the king himself, though suspected of going privately, durst not go publicly to mass, for fear of losing his character for good sense. The increase of popularity of the clergy, the crowds of intellectual young men, lawyers, and students of the University, who flocked to Notre Dame in Advent last to hear Lacordaire—signs of a change of feeling in the public which the French Catholic press is never tired of proclaiming—these are the mere ebb and flow on the surface—far more valuable is that genuine old Christian leaven deep in the heart of the country population, which even the Revolution could not root out, quite distinguishable from that fickle patronage which the present generation is disposed to hold out to a visionary middle-age theory. I felt much less satisfaction in seeing a crowded audience in Paris listening to a favourite preacher, than in entering early in the morning a village Church in a distant province, and seeing the country people drop in before going to work for a few minutes of private devotion. This was the genuine product of the religion—the harvest where S. Martin had sown.

The same practical air was visible where I least expected it. I had fancied a procession as merely ornamental; a poetical portion of the ceremonial intended to aid and captivate the imagination. I was struck, therefore, with the business-like air it wore. Those engaged in it seemed performing a real act of devotion, to which they were given up, the assembly accompanying them with their prayers—the one party not thinking of admiring, the other not aiming at effect.

Every one notices the subdued, regulated manner almost universal in foreign priests. This arises from their habitual consideration of the Divine presence. It must be a very superficial observer who can think it accounted for by the constraint of the peculiar habit. But it is not any matter of surprise that they should be able to preserve this, when one sees the education they go through for the Priesthood. The Seminary of S. Sulpice is the principal establishment for this purpose. Many persons are offended at continually recurring comparisons between our own institutions, and the corresponding Catholic ones, and attribute such to a fretful, captious spirit. But they should remember that it is only the natural process of the mind to judge of the unknown by the known, of the new by the familiar. Open any book of travels, and whether he is describing the shape of a wheel, or a mode of harnessing a horse, the writer's first impulse is to compare it with the fashion of his own country. It was impossible for me to see S. Sulpice without comparing it with the education we give our clergy. There the world was shut out, not because it was unknown, but because it was understood that the process of hardening by exposure to it is one incompatible with the innocence which is the required foundation for a religious character. Here I understood for the first time what it was to make religion the one business of life—not merely a handmaid, a means towards living well and happily. There was no cant of language, no affectation of discarding the customs of common society, but religion reigned without effort in the whole system. A young man bringing up for the priesthood where the Church is scantily paid by the State, knows that he resigns the common objects of ambition. Hard work and contempt is what he must expect. There is, as might be expected, a strong esprit du corps, which gives great offence to the world, which they vent in the epithet, 'narrow-minded.' But even were it so, habits of devotion, and a bracing religious discipline, would be cheaply purchased at a greater sacrifice than this. An occasional religious service introduced into a day the whole of which is given to secular studies, secular conversation, and secular amusements, is an irksome formality. But where the whole day's business is made one religious service, interposed, as it were, between the hours of prayer, the mind must either openly revolt, or be raised to partake of the pervading tone. I was edified to see many of the students taking the brief space allowed to recreation after dinner, for retirement to some shrine or image (with which the grounds were filled) for prayer or recollection. It was not considered necessary to avoid intruding on them—they were taught to form the habit of abstraction from what was going on about them.

The professors (though without any Gallican bias) did not at all share in that eagerness for the visible triumph of the Church which the L'Univers is so anxious for. There was among them no active sympathy with any political party—and that in a country where, much more than with us, every one is a politician.

The priests are, in general, shy of strangers, of the English in particular. Hence the accounts of travellers of a Protestant bias must be read backwards. If such a person falls in with a priest more lax than others, who is willing to converse on the topics of the day with him, he entertains a better opinion of him as 'superior to the prejudices of his order,'—but exactly in proportion as he observes earnestness of devotion and exclusiveness, the traveller's anger is roused at the bigotry, intolerance, hypocrisy, &c., of the 'poor creatures.'

Yours very truly,

LETTER III.

My Dear Ward,

I will put down indiscriminately, as they occur to me, some points in connexion with the Church abroad which made an impression upon me whilst in Normandy in 1842. I saw, near Rouen, a College intended for young men of all professions, and conducted by priests, and was much struck with the religious character which seemed impressed upon every thing about it. The chapel was very pleasing and reverent in its arrangements, and bore marks of the interest which the students took in it. On the altar were flowers placed there by them; and over it a beautiful picture, which was given by them. The person who took us into it, and who was much like the porter of a College at Oxford, was very reverent in his behaviour, and spoke with much interest and intelligence of the mode of life in general, and particularly of the religious habits of the students. The grounds in which they generally take their recreation were very nicely laid out in avenues and walks, in which we were told, they often practised the hymns and other music which they

used in Church. There were also little chapels here and there about the grounds, into which they might retire for private devotion. Each has a small private sleeping room. Whilst they are at dinner, one of them reads some book aloud; one which was mentioned to us was Alban Butler's Lives of the Saints; others, however, which were mentioned, were of a purely historical character.

I was also much struck with the hospitals, in which the poor were served with the greatest care by Sisters of some religious Order, many of whom, we were told, had been persons of great wealth and high rank. The wards were named after different Saints, and in each of them there was, I think, an altar, and also religious pictures, and other objects of the same kind, which gave altogether a religious air to the place, whilst the vases of fresh flowers, which were placed by them, and the airiness and cleanliness of the rooms, and pleasant view from the windows, gave at the same time in another way an idea of joy and cheerfulness.

At Rouen, we were much struck with a person, who showed us over one of the Churches, and whom we had an opportunity of seeing frequently. He was in a very low rank of life. He gave one the idea of being a very religious person; and we obtained from him a great deal of information about the practices of the Church, with which he seemed well acquainted, and he spoke of them with the greatest interest. When we were going away, he asked us to remember him in our prayers; and said he would always remember us, and would tell his children to do the same; and the prayers of little children, he said, are very pleasing to Almighty God. What struck one particularly about him was an appearance of reverence and devotion and self-forgetfulness, which one so rarely meets with among persons of the same condition in England.

The appearance and devotion in the people whom we saw in the Churches was in many instances particularly striking; and in general the heartiness and joy with which they joined in the religious services of the Festivals, gave one an idea of their regarding religion as something in which they felt their happiness to be really interested.

LETTER IV.

My Dear ——

I ought to say in the way of deduction from the value of my testimony to the practical operation of the Church abroad, that I have been in two of the foreign Catholic countries only, and in each for a very short time. It is true that I have visited both of these countries more than once; but it is of my latter visits that I wish to speak principally, since it was in these only that I was of age and experience to form any fair idea of the state of things, or that I had sufficient interest in ecclesiastical matters to turn my attention to points of that sort.

The only countries of which I know any thing, are France and Belgium; and of France, no part but Normandy, which is generally said to be a favourable specimen. When I first visited Belgium (in 1828) it was under the disadvantages of which I have just spoken; but even then (though, so far as I had any religious feelings and interests at all, they were decidedly *anti-Roman*) I remember to have been impressed, almost as it were against my wishes, with the exceedingly religious appearance of the Flemish towns. Of course I thought it all superstition and so on; but even then, I drew comparisons between the aspect of things abroad and at home, to the great advantage of the former. Churches open and frequented at five or six in the morning (when I happened to be up and about because I was travelling) and a decided air of reverence in the people, especially the females; favoured perhaps in a degree by their dress—for every third female one met was habited like a nun. Also (in another way) the state of the towns late in the evening was strikingly different from those of *any* of our own, greater or smaller. No ill-conditioned people about (as a general rule) and yet one could not but feel (especially as after the appearance of the Churches in the morning) that all this was the fruit of something better than mere police regulations.

To come now to my last visits. I will speak of Normandy first, because I was there first. *Now*, you remember, my eyes are open, and my sympathies Catholic, so you must allow accordingly. Yet I do not think any one could be in Normandy a week without having it forced upon him, that religion has a place in the hearts and affections, more or less, of the people, especially the poor. In England a foreigner might certainly travel on six days in every week and consider himself in a heathen country; but you need not be abroad more than one day, and that *any* day, in order to find that you are among Christians? And this, after all the miserable effects of the first French Revolution, in banishing the external signs of religion —such as processions—from that country. But still there are the crucifixes, to which *many* pay reverence (though fewer, alas! than formerly) still all churches are open from (at least) six till twelve, and again in the evening, with a succession of edifying services, and an attendance of devout people.

I spent a Sunday at Bayeux, where I was fortunate enough to come in for the Festival of the first Bishop and Patron of the place, St. Exuperius. It is difficult to conceive a more interesting circumstance than that of a whole town engaged in the religious celebration of a holyday. It did one's heart good to hear the glee with which the people joined in the hymns descriptive of their Saint's christian achievements. The noble Cathedral was filled both at the First and Second Vespers on the Saturday and Sunday, and on the Mass on the Sunday morning. The Service was magnificent and most edifying even to those who could not well follow it, which was our case; the chanting of the psalms was alternate (as is common in France) between the choir and the congregation; there must have been many hundreds in the nave, who took the alternate verses, and it quite reminded one of the "war" of voices, which one of the Fathers, I think, speaks of in describing the psalmody of ancient times. I do not mean that there were not points in the service which some might lament; i. e. a lighter strain of music than was always suitable, and what seemed to us like an occasional cutting off of the verses, and substituting for them a showy organ accompaniment. I speak but of the general effect upon a stranger, which was doubtless most highly impressive; indeed the delight of being permitted, though but for one hour, to join in this psalmody, with the feeling that one was so far in active communion with the holy church throughout all the world, was in the act, and is in the retrospect, of the most inspiring kind—a momentary but absolutely transporting foretaste of that union of hearts and voices for which we all pray, and the signs of which seem to grow brighter and brighter.

My recollections of Normandy are simply favourable. The French church suffers a grievous loss in lacking the full Roman offices; and their Service labours under the farther disadvantage of diocesan varieties. Still the general features of Catholic worship are preserved; and to a stranger the celebrations are not visibly affected by these peculiarities.

I must not forget a scene at Caen. We witnessed the funeral of a person who was evidently one of the poorest in the town, perhaps a tradesman on the smallest scale, or less. It was most pleasing to see the exceeding care with which the whole ceremony was conducted; both procession and service. The latter occupied nearly two hours, and seemed to consist in the full office for the dead, chanted with the utmost solemnity. The procession was every where received with great marks of reverence; all persons on foot baring their heads as it passed; all

vehicles stopping or slackening their pace. It might, no doubt, have been some person who was peculiarly respected; but it struck us as presenting a remarkable contrast to the funerals of the poor in this country, especially in towns. I should add, that it was at a time when some public gaieties were going on in the town.

As to the clergy, we understood that they were very strict in conduct, and generally respected. They never appear at public places of amusement, and rarely if ever dine out, except with their Bishop. This we heard at Rouen. Of course, in judging of the Service abroad, an Englishman is frequently called upon to make large allowance for the peculiarity of foreign tastes and habits. I am not speaking of the dressed figures, of which however I will say, that in the present state of the popular taste, I think the authorities would be very wrong in discontinuing them; but of practices, which come quite naturally to Frenchmen, but which are exceedingly, and very properly, disgusting to us. Yet it ought to be considered, that since Frenchmen of the rank out of which the priesthood is very commonly supplied, give in to these practices even in furnished rooms and before all companies, they cannot *intend* any disrespect by them. One ought not to *complain* if they are as decorous in church as in other places, though one would wish them to be more decent every where. At St. Paul's Cathedral I have seen people walking about when Divine Service was going on, *in their hats*. This, the same people would not have done in the presence of their betters in ordinary society. We are apt, with our English notions, to expect *gentleman-like* habits in the foreign Catholic Priests, I mean in external points; forgetting how much the "efficiency" of these ministrations often depends upon their belonging to a rank short of the highest. Not, however, that I would seem to undervalue the temper of mind which the word "gentleman-like" expresses better than any other; or to deny that this temper when combined with more obviously christian qualities, is of very essential use to a clergyman in mixing with the poor.

Now for Belgium. I thought the appearance of the people on the whole less satisfactory in 1842 than in 1828. The towns are evidently more flourishing in a worldly point of view since the Revolution; at least there is a great advance in civilization. As they have become more commercial, they have of course so far become less religious, and I believe this is fully acknowledged by Catholics. An infidel spirit has sprung up, which the Church sets herself vigorously to counteract, and I understand with increasing effect. The king, too, professes impartiality in religious matters, which is another trial to the Church. Still it is undoubtedly making immense way. Comparing Belgium and France, the Church gives greater *signs* of power in the former country than in the latter. It had a great hold on the people before the changes, and this it still retains with whatever drawbacks from circumstances which it cannot control. The Services are more fully carried out and more splendidly conducted; the government does not seem, as in France, to attempt restrictions as to the number of Festivals, &c.; more priests appear in the streets; and processions are not (as in France) commonly interdicted.

The clergy impress one with the idea of being a most devoted body. The amount of work which they go through is prodigious. They rise generally at five (the Belgians are universally early risers) and seem to have their days fully occupied with devotional and charitable works. I remained some little time at Mechlin where I was most kindly treated, and had an opportunity of going over all the principal institutions of the place, in company with a priest. The schools for the poor seem to be admirable; the teachers are, I believe, for the most part members of the Society of frères Chrétiens, and the clergy of the place superintend and occasionally take part in the teaching. One establishment was especially striking; a sort of Sunday School for young maid-servants. The demeanour of these poor girls towards their priest was most pleasing; when he entered they begged his blessing, which he gave them in the usual forms. I must not forget to add, that at one of the boys' schools which I visited, I had an opportunity of examining some of the boys whom I took quite at random, upon the distinction between *reverence* and *worship*. I may say that they (almost indignantly) repudiated the idea of paying *Divine* honours to the blessed Saints.

The churches in Belgium are open generally at six, and many persons both assist and *communicate* at the earliest Mass. There cannot be a greater mistake than to suppose that the Mass is used exclusively or generally as a source for contemplation only. Nothing apparently can exceed the devotion of those who so use it; but there is a series of Low Masses from six or ten every day, at which I think there are *always* some communicants, and often many. This is a point in which we thought Belgium superior to France.

At Antwerp, we fell in with one of the boys who officiated at Mass in the Cathedral. Considering that he was a mere chance specimen of his class, I cannot but augur very favourably of the attention paid to young persons in the Belgian Church. I had a great deal of conversation with him on two separate occasions, and was struck and pleased beyond measure by his general tone and demeanour. We learned that he was in the habit of confessing every fortnight. He was between twelve and thirteen. He spoke with delight of his duties in the Church, and of his hope of one day attaining to the dignity of the Priesthood. It was impossible to see that boy even for a few hours and doubt, from his conversation and general deportment, that he had been most carefully and religiously brought up.

I had the good fortune to come in for a confirmation at Brussels. It was a most beautiful sight, carrying one back in thought to the days of St. Ambrose. The present Primate of Belgium bears the highest character, and sustains his dignity with most especial majesty and sweetness. Every child and young person knelt during the service, and had his, or her, sponsor standing behind, and the demeanour of the whole assemblage was reverent and devout. The children were arranged in the nave; the choir was reserved for the service. On entering, the Archbishop proceeded to the centre of the Altar, and the Veni Creator was entoned to a simple Gregorian Chant. There was no noise nor confusion of any sort; the children did not move from their places; but the Archbishop and attendant Priests came round, and administered the rite to each. The Archbishop delivered a most affectionate and paternal address.

The Bishops of Belgium meet every year at Mechlin to confer on the affairs of the Church, and remain there one week. They are received and entertained by the Primate; the days are taken up with alternate devotions and business, and the evenings passed in receiving the Clergy at dinner. The Archbishop exercises constant hospitality among his Clergy; he receives them at dinner, but his occupations are so numerous and constant that he is generally obliged to quit his table as soon as dinner is over, or even earlier, leaving his Chaplain to do the honours to his guests.

I cannot think of any thing else to tell you, but as you ask for my impressions, I gladly give them, with the grounds of them.

I remain, &c.

The Progress of Truth.—Truth, considered in itself, and in the effects natural to it, may be conceived of, as a gentle spring or water-source, warm from the genial earth, and breathing up into the snow-drift that is piled over and around its outlet. It turns the obstacle into its own form and character, and as it makes its way increases its stream; and should it be arrested in its course by a chilling season, it suffers delay, not loss, and and waits only for a change in the wind to awaken and again roll onwards.—*S. T. Coleridge.*

[The following beautiful translation of a noble Latin lyric appeared in a book entitled, Reliques of Father Prout. A young Irish Priest is understood to be the author of this version. We hope yet to see such genius as he clearly possesses, devoted, as it ought to be, *solely* to the advancement and glory of religion.]

THE VIGIL OF ST. IGNATIUS.

In the Chapel of our Lady of Montserrat.

When at thy shrine, most holy maid!
The Spaniard hung his votive blade,
And bared his helmed brow—
Not that he feared war's visage grim,
Or that the battle-field for him
Had aught to daunt, I trow;

"Glory!" he cried, "with thee I've done!
Fame! thy bright theatres I shun,
To tread fresh pathways now;
To track *thy* footsteps, Saviour God!
With throbbing heart, with feet unshod;
Hear and record my vow.

Yes, Thou shalt reign! Chained to thy throne,
The mind of man thy sway shall own,
And to its conqueror bow.
Genius his lyre to Thee shall lift,
And intellect its choicest gift
Proudly on Thee bestow."

Straight on the marble floor he knelt,
And in his breast exulting felt
A vivid furnace glow;
Forth to his task the giant sped,
Earth shook abroad beneath his tread,
And idols were laid low.

India repaired half Europe's loss;
O'er a new hemisphere the Cross
Shone in the azure sky;
And, from the isles of far Japan
To the broad Andes, won o'er man
A bloodless victory!

For the benefit of *some* of our readers we will give the original verse.

Cum bellicosus cantaber e tholo
Suspendit ensem, "Non ego lugubri
Defuncta bello," dixit, "arma
Degener aut timidus perire

Miles resigno. Me nova buccina,
Me non profani tessera prælii
Deposcit; et sacras secutus
Auspicio meliore partes,

Non indecorus transfuga, gloriæ
Signis relictis, nil cupientium
Succedo castris, jam futurus
Splendidior sine clade victor.

Domare MENTES, stringere fervidis
Sacro catenis INGENIUM throno,
Et cuncta terrarum subacta
Corda Deo dare gestit ardor;

Fraudis magistros artibus æmulis
Depræliando sternere; sed magis
Loyola Lutheri triumphos
Orbe novo reparabit ultor!"

Tellus gigantis sentit iter; simul
Idola nutant, fana ruunt, micat
Christi triumphantis trophæum,
Cruxque novos numerat clientes.

Videre gentes *Xaverii* jubar
Igni corusco nubila dividens;
Cœpitque mirans Christianos
Per medios fluitare Ganges.

Thoughts and Things worth noting.

Effect of Temperature on Human Feeling.—In England, the only natural temperature that is agreeable lies between 60 and 70 deg., so that when the thermometer is above 70 deg., the inhabitants begin to feel uncomfortably warm, and when it is below 60 deg., they begin to approach the fire. In America (lat. 35 deg. 40 min. N., long. 79 deg. 3 min. W.), it is not felt uncomfortably warm until the thermometer is above 80 deg.; and the inhabitants begin to kindle fires when it is below 70 deg. It would seem, therefore, that the American standard in this respect is 10 deg. higher than it is in England; and that the Americans do not suffer more by a heat of 90 deg., than the people of England do by a heat of 80 deg. Dr. Black remarks that in Scotland the thermometer rises, in moderately warm summer air, to 64 deg. Hence, what would be esteemed moderately warm summer weather in Scotland, would be considered cool autumnal weather in America, when the presence of a fire would be quite comfortable, and almost necessary. It seems, moreover, agreeably to the analogy of nature, that the animal system should accommodate itself in some measure to the external circumstances in which it is placed.

Improvements Unpopular.—There is not a single source of human happiness against which there have not been uttered the most lugubrious predictions. Turnpike roads, navigable canals, vaccination, hops, tobacco, railways, and temperance societies. There are always a set of worthy and moderately-gifted men who bawl out death and ruin upon every valuable change which the varying aspect of human affairs absolutely and imperiously requires. It would be extremely useful to make a collection of the hatred and abuse that all those changes have experienced, which are now admitted to be improvements in our condition. Such a history might make folly a little more modest and suspicious of its own delusions.

Falsehoods.—If men were not essentially believing beings, falsehoods could have no effect on them; for a falsehood operates not as known to be false, but only as believed to be true. A falsehood, in its own name and character, is an impudent nothing. The fictions of the artist are only falsehoods, in so far as they depart from literal and partial truth in order to attain to the ideal and universal.

There is a kind of social civilization which rounds the rough and broken stones into smooth shapeliness, but also into monotonous uniformity. There is also a farther and better kind which again roughens the pebbles, not, however, to reproduce their former rude diversities, but to engrave them with divine heads and figures and significant mottoes.

Faith.—Faith is required no less by art than by religion. A man without faith may be cunning and clever for a time, but never truly wise, and never a great benefactor to his species.

Pain.—Pain has its own noble joy when it kindles hope and a strong consciousness of life, before stagnant and torpid.

As certainly and suddenly as a good state of health dispels the peevishness and perils of sickness, does a good state of government the animosity and danger of party.

Revolutions.—Revolutions are often the utterance of some one long-felt truth in the minds of men neglected by rulers.

ILLUSTRATIONS
OF
HOLY SCRIPTURES.

"While the army remained on this spot, Mr. Pearce went out on an excursion, with Badjerund Tesfos and Shalaka Lassgee, and others of the Ras's people, for the purpose of carrying off some cattle which were known to be secreted in the neighbourhood. In this object the party succeeded, getting possession of more than three hundred oxen: but this was effected with very considerable loss, owing to a stratagem put in practice by Guebra Guro, and about fourteen of his best marksmen, who had placed themselves in a recumbent position, on the overhanging brow of a rock, which was completely inaccessible, whence they picked off every man that approached within musket shot. At one time Mr. Pearce was so near to this dangerous position, that he could understand every word said by Guebra Guro to his companions; and he distinctly heard him ordering his men not to shoot at either him or Ayto Tesfos, calling out to them at the same time, with a strange sort of savage politeness, to keep out of the range of his matchlocks, as he was anxious that no harm should personally happen to them, addressing them very kindly by the appellation of friends. On Mr. Pearce's relating this incident to me, I was instantly struck with its similarity to some of the stories recorded in the Old Testament, particularly that of David standing on the top of a hill afar off, and crying to the people and to Abner, at the mouth of the cave, *Answerest thou not, Abner? and now see where the king's spear is, and the cruse of water at his bolster.* The reader conversant in Scripture cannot fail, I conceive, to remark, in the course of this narrative, the general resemblance existing throughout between the manners of this people and those of the Jews, previous to the reign of Solomon, at which period the connexions entered into by the latter with foreign powers, and the luxuries consequently introduced, seem, in a great measure, to have altered the Jewish character. For my own part, I confess, I was so struck with the similarity between the two nations during my stay in Abyssinia, that I could not help fancying, at times, that I was dwelling among the Israelites, and that I had fallen back some thousand years, upon a period when the king himself was a shepherd, and the princes of the land went out, riding on mules, with spears and slings, to combat against the Philistines."—*Salt's Voyage to Abyssinia.*

"They use oxen, as the ancients did, to beat out their corn, by trampling upon the sheaves, and dragging after them a clumsy machine. This machine is not, as in Arabia, a stone cylinder, nor a plank with sharp stones, as in Syria, but a sort of sledge, consisting of three rollers, fitted with irons, which turn upon axles. A farmer chooses out a level spot in his fields, and has his corn carried thither in sheaves, upon asses, or dromedaries. Two oxen are then yoked in a sledge, a driver gets upon it, and drives them backwards and forwards (rather in a circle) upon the sheaves, and fresh oxen succeed in the yoke from time to time. By this operation the chaff is very much cut down: the whole is then winnowed, and the pure grain thus separated. This mode of threshing out the corn is tedious and inconvenient; it destroys the chaff, and injures the quality of the grain." (*Niebuhr's Travels*, vol. i. p. 89.)

In another place Niebuhr tells us that "two parcels or layers of corn are threshed out in a day; and they move each of hem as many as eight times, with a wooden fork of five prongs, which they call *meddre*. Afterwards they throw the straw into the middle of the ring, where it forms a heap, which grows bigger and bigger; where the first layer is threshed, they replace the straw in the ring, and thresh it as before. Thus the straw becomes every time smaller, till at last it resembles chopped straw. After this, with the fork just described, they cast the whole some yards from thence, and against the wind, which, driving back the straw, the corn and the ears not threshed out fall apart from it, and make another heap. A man collects the clods of dirt, and other impurities, to which any corn adheres, and throws them into a sieve. They afterwards place in a ring the heaps, in which a good many entire ears are still found, and drive over them for four or five hours together a dozen couple of oxen, joined two and two, till by absolute trampling, they have separated the grains, which they throw into the air with a shovel to cleanse them."

"The Moors and Arabs continue to tread out their corn after the primitive custom of the East. Instead of beeves they frequently make use of mules and horses, by tying in the like manner by the neck, three or four of them together, and whipping them afterwards round about the nedders (as they call the threshing-floors, the *Lybicæ areæ* of Horace) where the sheaves lie open and expanded in the same manner as they are placed and prepared with us for threshing. This, indeed, is a much quicker way than ours, but less cleanly; for as it is performed in the open air, (Hosea xiii. 3.) upon any round level plat of ground, daubed over with cow's dung, to prevent, as much as possible, the earth, sand, or gravel from rising, a great quantity of them all, notwithstanding this precaution, must unavoidably be taken up with the grain; at the same time the straw, which is their only fodder, is hereby shattered *to pieces*, a circumstance very pertinently alluded to 2 Kings xiii. 7, where the king of Syria is said to have made the Israelites like dust by threshing." *Shaw's Travels*, p. 138, 139, 2nd edit..

Homer has described the method of threshing corn by the feet of oxen, as practised in his time and country:

"As with autumnal harvests cover'd o'er,
And thick bestrewn lies Ceres' sacred floor;
When round and round, with never-weary'd pain,
The trampling steers beat out th' unnumber'd grain."
Iliad xx. lin. 495. Pope.

THEORY OF RAIN.

The commonly received opinion, I believe, is, that the water which evaporates from the surface of the earth is held in a state of chemical solution in the air, which ascends into higher regions, where the moisture is precipitated in the form of clouds, which are sustained there by the joint agency of heat and electricity, and the deposition of rain is the result of the electrical action of the clouds upon each other. The atmosphere, at the elevation of a few hundred yards, is at a tolerable uniform temperature with that near the surface of the ground, and, therefore, the condensation of the evaporated moisture must take place at a considerable height; in tropical countries this condensation in the form of clouds is not so frequently witnessed as in our colder climate, where the temperature of the air is continually subject to variation. That evaporation does not take place at all temperatures, when the air is tolerably dry, may be easily shown, by placing a cup on the surface of the water, containing dried potash, or fused chloride of calcium; either of these substances will deliquesce with great rapidity, or if concentrated sulphuric acid be substituted it will speedily absorb nearly half its bulk of water; the vapour which appears to rise from water and low ground after sunset, is merely the moisture precipitated from the air upon the earth cooled by radiation.

A PERILOUS WOLF HUNT.

THERE had been a merry-making at new year amongst some of the settlers, and a black man, who had a wife and children about three miles off, and who played on the fiddle, had been sent for to play "Virginia reels" to the young people. It was three in the morning when he took his kit under his arm to return home, and had been snowing for some time, with a high cold wind raging, that had drifted the snow into heaps wherever he passed the clearings. He had got about half the distance, exceedingly fatigued, and wishing he was at home with his black pickanninies; when, having just left an extensive swamp which ran far into the country, he heard a strong pack of wolves "sing out" as if they had scented something. He employed all his powers to reach a small abandoned cabin in a clearing by the road-side, which was about a quarter of a mile off; the roof of which was partly destroyed, but the door of which was yet hung. On came the ferocious animals, barking and shrieking; they were upon his track, and great were his apprehensions of falling into their power: but, on gaining the clearing, he fortunately found the snow was drifted away there, and did not impede him, so that he was just able to rush in season into the cabin and clamber up the logs inside to a rafter that ran across. The door he did not attempt to shut, for the wolves were within ten yards of him when he entered, and he was afraid he could not keep it shut against the pressure of so large a body of desperate animals. Great was the rage of the wolves when they entered at being balked of their prey; and, as Mr. Marcus Luffett observed, "Dey carried on jist as if de old debbel himself was inside of ebery one of dere cossed troats." The cabin was at one time quite filled with them, and he said that they went in and out and round the cabin, to see if there was any place by which they could get at so savoury a joint as that which was hanging up, but rather too high, in the larder. Finding that he was safe, he began to acquire confidence, and watching his opportunity he scrambled along until he got over the door; and there, with a little management, he contrived with his legs to shut a great number of them in the cabin. Those outside appearing to have gone away to look for other game, and those inside remaining silent with their glaring eyes fixed intently upon him, the marquis, who had no small idea of his skill, now thought he would treat them to a "Virginia reel," and forthwith commenced with his kit to astonish the lupine auditory with such a solo as they had never before heard. At first they howled, the performer not appearing to give universal satisfaction; but, day beginning to dawn, and finding they could not get out, they crouched down on the floor of the cabin all together, and remained silent. As soon as he thought the morning was sufficiently advanced to remove all apprehension from those outside, he got through a hole in the roof, and hastened to his family. Immediately collecting a number of men armed with rifles and axes he returned with them to the cabin, which they all entered by the hole from whence he had escaped. The wolves were crouched together as he had left them, and showed now as sneaking a disposition as it had before been furious. They shot no less than thirty-seven; all the skins were given to Mr. Marcus Luffett, and the neighbours subscribed 25 dollars in cash, as some return for the important service he had rendered them by the destruction of so many depredators upon their calves and pigs.—*Featherstonhaugh's Excursions.*

ELECTRIC TELEGRAPHS.

DISTANCE must certainly lend enchantment to the view; since, this week, our newspaper contained long accounts from the *New York Sun*, of the electric telegraph between Baltimore and Washington, just as if that between the Paddington Station and Slough were too close to us to be known. There it has been, however, at work for a number of weeks; any one may witness, or even employ, its extraordinary operations on the payment of small fees for admission or use. It is in daily and hourly communication; and when the court is at Windsor, the interchange of messages is as rapid as if the queen were at Buckingham Palace. When the Emperor of Russia visited it, Mr. Wheatstone, under whose admirable superintendence it has been erected and conducted, sent to Slough the question —"Is all prepared at Windsor for the reception of the Emperor of Russia?" and the answer was returned—"Everything is quite ready!" The transmission of both occupied sixty-eight seconds! A short time ago we spent an hour most profitably and interestingly in experimenting with the several kinds of telegraphs which Mr. Wheatstone has established—for his improvements are very important on the original invention—in one case employing electricity and magnetic needles deviating from the parallelism of the current, in another electro-magnetism; in one, every letter of the alphabet spelling the words; in another, figures, as in the old mode of signals, with several variations of method, which must be seen to have their value understood—such as having a single wire, or more, as the nature of the apparatus and power required. The results are wonderful. In three seconds the attention of the person engaged at Slough is called for, and a notice that he is attending sent back; then any message whatever is delivered by turning the letters which compose it in succession, on a radial metallic wheel bearing the alphabet, to the position at which the circuit is completed, and the particular letter indicated in the groove of a slide above, at both ends of the telegraph. At the close of every word a cross is inserted; and at the close of the sentence two crosses. There is no possibility of error; and should aught not very intelligible occur, there is an instant stop and rectification. Thus, as fast as one could with ordinary deliberation, spell the words and sentences, they pass this distance of thirty-six miles, eighteen one way and eighteen the other. In one instance the effect is rendered more striking by the transmission, not of signs but of sounds. Our Slough (as Mr. Wheatcroft pronounced it, or *Slow*) correspondent was desired to "ring the bell;" and before the last *l* was visible upon the board, the bell in the little room at Paddington was rung in our ears by the magnetic touch of Slough! The wires, as all who have travelled by the Great Western can see, are carried along a succession of posts in the open air, by the side of the railway, and so disposed, that any accident to which they are liable would be at once detected, confined to a limited division, and readily repaired. If carried under ground these advantages would be lost: the whole line would be affected; and it would cost much trouble to discover where the evil had occurred, and to apply its remedy.—As we have hinted, it is impossible by mere description to convey an adequate idea of this magical process; and astonishment will augment, when it is considered that a similar communication will soon be formed between London and Portsmouth; and that there will be no obstacle to doing the same between London and Edinburgh, when one minute will suffice for intercourse between the capitals of England and Scotland! Then there is no interruption of weather as in the signal telegraphs; in mist and in darkness, as completely as in sunshine and light, the electric current flies as swiftly as the lightning's flash, but to instruct, not to destroy man, who has become master of the mighty element, and compelled it (Prospero-like) to do his service. From London to Edinburgh will be some four hundred miles of rail; and when we send to the modern Athens (how it would astonish the philosophers of the ancient Grecian city to be told of it!) for the news of the hour, we shall have it in two or three minutes by the return of many thousand *posts*.—*Literary Gazette.*

SHIPWRECK OF THE BLINDENHALL,

ON THE INACCESSIBLE ISLAND, NEAR TRISTAN DA CUNHA.

A PARAGRAPH which recently appeared in a morning paper, referring to the loss of the Blindenhall on the Inaccessible Island, has recalled to my mind some particulars which I received of that shipwreck a few years ago, from one of the survivors. He was a passenger, whom, with his wife and child, I had the satisfaction of receiving under my roof in 1822, on their reaching Bombay after their disaster. Before I proceed to detail what I recollect of the details of my guest's story, I will relate a few particulars of the island Tristan da Cunha, which, after three months' detention on the Inaccessible Island, the shipwrecked party contrived to reach in safety. The very location of these islands in the midst of an immense unfathomable ocean, rearing their grisly crags between the great continents of Africa and America, exposed to all the fury of storms and tempests, more than two thousand miles from either shore—affects the mind with a chain of ideas at once awful and cheerless. After fortune and victory had finally abandoned Napoleon on the field of Waterloo, and it had been determined by the belligerent powers that the fortress of St. Helena should be the life prison of the fallen emperor, the British government deemed it a measure of prudence to occupy Tristan da Cunha, situated about twenty degrees south of St. Helena, and which, in the event of any plot for a rescue, it was apprehended might have afforded a secure rendezvous, and offered considerable facilities for combined and ulterior arrangements. In pursuance of that determination, a company of artillery was stationed on Tristan da Cunha; a temporary framed barrack was erected, a fort constructed, provisions were laid up, a few milch cows and calves were landed, and the British flag waved over the melancholy waste! At that time Tristan da Cunha was almost as destitute of vegetation as it was wild and dismal. It was a mere rough rocky shore, partially spotted over with moss, sedge, and reeds, surmounted by a precipitous ridge, so lofty, that its summit reached the clouds: it appeared to be the wreck of antediluvian mountains, now buried in the abyss. After a few years, however, and when death summoned the mighty captain to "a narrower prison house," the garrison of St. Helena was removed; Tristan da Cunha also, to the joy of the soldiers there stationed, was ordered to be evacuated. On that occasion, a private of the name of Glass solicited and obtained permission to remain in the island. The fort was dismantled, and Glass was left sole monarch of the isle—his wife his only subject! Half a dozen muskets and ammunition, the barrack, cows, fowls, some ration pork and flour, fishing-tackle, a good boat, and about an acre of ground under wheat and potatoes, constituted his regal wealth and territorial appendages.

About thirty-five miles from Tristan da Cunha stands, on a base of solid rock, the Inaccessible Island; and at a distance beyond the reach of vision lie the island of Diego Alvarez, or Gonçalo Alvaro, and Gough's Island. These several islands are probably the shattered remains of strata at one time continuous. The steep and broken sides of mountains—the frightful chasms—the almost obliterated bed (still traceable) of some primitive river now no more—the broken relics of ancient table-lands—all visible in the Inaccessible Island—offer most unquestionable proof that tremendous convulsions and prodigious agents of destruction have been here in operation.

In 1820-1, the Blindenhall, free trader, bound for Bombay, partly laden with broad-cloths, was prosecuting her voyage, and being driven, by adverse winds and currents, more to the westward and southward than her course required, it became desirable to make Tristan da Cunha, in order to ascertain and rectify the reckoning. It was while steering to effect this purpose, that one morning a passenger, who chanced to be on deck earlier than usual, observed great quantities of sea-weed occasionally floating alongside. This excited some alarm, and a man was immediately sent aloft to keep a good look-out. The weather was then extremely hazy, though moderate; the weeds continued—all were on the alert; they shortened sail, and the boatswain piped for breakfast. In less than ten minutes, "Breakers ahead!" startled every soul, and in a moment all were on deck. "Breakers starboard!—breakers larboard!—breakers all around!" was the ominous cry a moment afterwards, and all was confusion. The words were scarce uttered, when—and before the helm was up—the ill-fated ship struck, and, after a few tremendous shocks against the sunken reef, she parted about midship. Ropes and stays were cut away—all rushed forward as if instinctively, and had barely reached the forecastle, when the stern and quarter broke asunder with a violent crash, and sunk to rise no more. Two of the seamen miserably perished; the rest, including officers, passengers, and crew, held on about the head and bows—the struggle was for life.

At this moment the Inaccessible Island, which till then had been veiled in clouds and thick mist, appeared frowning above the haze. The wreck was more than two miles from the frightful shore. The base of the island was still buried in impenetrable gloom. In this perilous extremity one was for cutting away the anchor which had been got up to the cat-head in case of need; another was for cutting down the fore-mast, (the foretop-mast being already by the board). The fog totally disappeared, and the black rocky island stood in all its rugged deformity before their eyes! Suddenly the sun broke out in full splendour, as if to expose more clearly to the view of the sufferers their dreadful predicament. Despair was in every bosom; death, arrayed in all its terrors, seemed to hover over the wreck. The stoutest heart might have been paralyzed by the appalling horror of such a situation. But exertion was required, and Providence inspired unhoped-for fortitude—every thing that human energy could devise was effected; and the wreck on which all eagerly clung, was miraculously drifted by the tide and wind, between ledges of sunken rocks and thundering breakers, until, after the lapse of six hours, it entered *the only spot* on the island where a landing was possibly practicable, for all the other parts of the coast consisted of perpendicular cliffs of granite rising from amidst deafening surf, to the height of twenty, forty, and sixty feet! As the shore was neared, a raft was prepared, and on this a few paddled for the cove; at last the wreck drove right in; ropes were instantly thrown out; and the crew and passengers (except two who had been crushed in the wreck), including three ladies and a female attendant, were providentially snatched from the watery grave, which, a few short hours before, had appeared inevitable, and safely landed on the beach. Evening had now set in, and every effort was made to secure whatever could be saved from the wreck: bales of cloth, cases of wine, a few boxes of cheese, some hams, the carcass of the milch cow that had been washed on shore, buckets, tubs, butts, a seaman's chest (containing a tinder-box, and needles and thread), with a great number of elegant mahogany turned bed-posts, part of an investment for the India market, were got on shore. The rain poured down in torrents, all hands were busily at work to procure a shelter from the weather, and with the bed-posts and broad-cloths, and part of the fore-sail, as many tents were soon pitched as there were individuals in the island.

Drenched with the sea and with the rain—hungry, cold, and comfortless, thousands of miles from their native land, almost beyond expectation of human succour, hope nearly annihilated, our shipwrecked countrymen retired to their tents, some devoutly to prostrate themselves in humble thankfulness before that merciful Being who had so wonderfully delivered them from impending destruction, others to rest after the dreadful anxiety and fatigue by which they were exhausted, and some to drown their cares in wine. In the morning the wreck had gone to pieces; and planks and spars and whatever had floated in were eagerly dragged on shore. No sooner was the unfortunate ship broken up, than, deeming themselves freed from the bonds of authority, many began to secure whatever came to land; and the captain, officers, passengers, and crew, were now reduced to the same level, and obliged to take their turn to fetch water and explore the island for food. The work of exploring was soon over; there was not a bird, nor a quadruped, nor a single tree to be seen! All was barren and desolate. The low parts were scattered over with stones and sand, and a few stunted weeds, reeds, fern, and other plants. The top of the mountain was found to consist of a fragment of original table-land, very marshy, and full of deep sloughs, intersected with small rills of water, pure and pellucid as crystal, and a profusion of wild parsley and celery. The prospect was one dreary scene of destitution, without a single ray of hope to relieve the misery of the desponding crew. Horror stared them in the face, and despondency chilled the stoutest breast. After some days, the dead cow, hams, and cheese were consumed, and from one end of the island to the other not a morsel of food could be seen. Even the celery began to fail. A few bottles of wine, which, for security, had been secreted under ground, only remained. Among the passengers were Lieutenant Pepper, of the Bombay marines, his wife and sister—Quarter-master Gormly, of one of his majesty's regiments at Bombay, his wife and child—a female servant of colour—and several cadets. Famine now began to threaten—every stone near the sea was examined for shell-fish, but in vain. In this extremity, as the quarter-master's wife was sitting at her tent door, with the child crying at her breast faint and exhausted—a group of half-starved seamen passed by, when one of them turning round, exclaimed, "*that will make a drop of broth, if nothing else turns up!*" The observation spoke daggers to the poor creature, but just then her husband, who had been in search of food, coming in, her fears in some degree subsided. On the return of night, as the poor hungry wretches were squatting in sullen dejection round their fires, on a sudden hundreds of birds from seaward came actually flying through the flames; many fell dead, scorched or suffocated, and thus were the sufferers again rescued for a time from the horrors which so imminently beset them. For several nights in succession similar flocks came in, and by multiplying their fires a considerable supply was secured.

These visits, however, ceased at length, and the wretched party were again exposed to the most severe privation. When their stock of wild fowl had been exhausted for more than two days, each began to fear they were now approaching that sad point of necessity, when, between death and casting lots who should be sacrificed to serve for food for the rest, no alternative remains. When horror at the bare contemplation of an extremity so repulsive occupied the thoughts of all, the horizon was observed, by some who were looking anxiously towards the sea for the appearance of some prospects of relief, to be suddenly obscured, and presently clouds of penguins lighted on the land. The low grounds were actually covered; and before the evening was dark, the sand could not be seen for the numbers of eggs, which, like a sheet of snow, lay on the surface of the earth! The penguins continued on the island four or five days, when, as if by signal, the whole took their flight, and were never seen again. A few were killed, but the flesh was so extremely rank and nauseous that it could not be eaten. The eggs were collected, and dressed in all manner of ways and supplied abundance of food for upwards of three weeks. At the expiration of that period, famine once more seemed inevitable; the third morning began to dawn upon the unfortunate company, after their stock of eggs was exhausted; they had now been without food for more than forty hours, and were fainting and dejected—when, as though this desolate rock were really a land of miracles, a man came running up to the encampment, with the unexpected and joyful tidings, that "millions of sea-cows had come on shore!" The crew climbed over the edge of rocks which flanked their tents, and the sight of a shoal of manatees immediately beneath them gladdened their hearts. These came in with the flood, and were left in the puddles between the broken rocks of the cove. This supply continued for two or three weeks. The flesh was mere blubber and quite unfit for food, for not a man could retain it on his stomach, but the liver was excellent, and on this they subsisted. In the meantime, the carpenter with his gang had constructed a boat, and four of the men had adventured in her for Tristan da Cunha, in hopes of ultimately extricating their fellow-sufferers from their perilous situation. Unfortunately the boat was lost—whether carried away by the violence of the currents that set in between the islands, or dashed to pieces against the breakers, was never known, for no vestige of the boat or the crew was ever seen. Before the manatees, however, began to quit the shore, a second boat was launched; and in this an officer and some seamen made a second attempt, and happily succeeded in effecting their landing, after much labour, on the island of Governor Glass. He received them most cordially and with humanity, which neither time, nor place, nor total seclusion from the world had enfeebled or impaired; he instantly launched his boat, and, unawed by consideration of personal danger, hastened, at the risk of his life, to deliver his shipwrecked countrymen from the calamities they had so long endured. He made repeated trips, surmounted all difficulties, and fortunately succeeded in safely landing them on his own island, after they had been exposed for nearly three months to the horrors of a situation almost unparalleled in the recorded sufferings of sea-faring men. During this period one vessel, very distant, had passed by; but, to their great disappointment, kept on her course without observing their signals of distress.

PECULIARITIES OF PLANTS.

All succulent plants, such as annuals, will be found to have the leaves erect. This I consider to be a wise contrivance of providence, to supply them with the quantity of moisture they require, which is more than the roots can furnish; as dews and light rain, which may be imbibed by the leaves, will scarcely ever be in sufficient quantity to penetrate to the roots. On the other hand, all woody plants, such as trees and shrubs, except the willow, and some others, which require much water, have their leaves pendent. This is to act as so many drains, or gutters, to carry off the superfluity of moisture: and it will be found, that as the wood is more or less solid, the stem is rugged and channelled, to carry off the wet to the root. The bloom, or fine dust, discovered on plums, raspberries, grapes, and some other fruits, and on the leaves of cabbages, is evidently intended to shoot off the water, which, were it not for this contrivance, would enter the porous skin, and rot the fruit or the plant. The down of the peach appears intended for the same purpose.

THE VIRGIN AND THE CHILD.

Among green pleasant meadows,
All in a grove so wild,
Was set a marble image
Of the Virgin and the Child.

There oft in summer evenings,
A lovely boy would rove,
To play beside the Image,
That sanctified the grove.

There sat his mother by him,
Among the shadows dim,
And told how the Lord Jesus
Was once a child like him.

And how from highest Heaven,
He does look down each day,
"And sees whate'er thou doest,
And hears what thou dost say."

Thus spake the tender mother.
And on an evening bright,
When the red round sun descended
'Mid clouds of crimson light,

Again the boy was playing,
And earnestly said he,
"Oh beautiful child Jesus,
Come down and play with me.

"I will give thee flowers the fairest,
I will weave for thee a crown,
I will give thee ripe red strawberries,
If thou wilt but come down.

"Oh! Holy, Holy Mother!
Put him down from off thy knee;
For in these silent meadows,
There is none to play with me."

Thus spoke the boy so gentle,
The while his mother heard,
And on his prayer she pondered,
But spoke to him no word.

The self-same night she dreamed
A lovely dream of joy;
She dreamt she saw young Jesus
There playing with her boy.

"And for the fruit and flowers,
Which thou hast given to me,
Rich blessings shall be given
A thousand times to thee."

Thus tenderly and kindly,
The fair child Jesus spoke;
And full of careful musings
The anxious mother woke.

And thus it was accomplished,
In one short month and a day,
This lovely boy so gentle,
Upon his death-bed lay.

And thus he spoke in dying:
"Oh! Mother dear, I see
The beautiful child Jesus
A coming down to me.

"And in his hand he beareth
Sweet flowers as white as snow,
And rich and juicy strawberries—
Dear mother, let me go!"

He died: but that fond mother
Her sorrow did restrain,
For she knew he was with Jesus,
And she ask'd him not again.

From the German of Herder.

Mary Howett's "Seven Temptations."

AN UNTRUTH NEVER TO BE OVERLOOKED.

"Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
My heart detests him as the gates of hell." Homer.

An untruth should on no account be passed over; it shows very great depravity of heart, and a total insensibility to the ruling principles of a generous mind, honour and probity; and, if it be not speedily corrected, will grow up into a habit, irremediably blast the character, and stamp the man guilty of such a depravity as the basest object of the creation. The culprit, therefore, on the detection of so heinous a fault, should be obliged to kneel down on the spot, and implore pardon of the God of all truth, whose sacred presence he has thus grossly insulted. He then should be made to feel the baseness of a lie, and how much it has sunk his character both in his own and friends' estimation.—Young Veymur, in the first volume of Valmont, p. 176, tells us the method his mother took to correct him of an untruth. "I know not," says the ingenuous youth, "by what accident the fault escaped me. I had no interest in telling a lie, for, with my affectionate and loving mother, *a fault confessed was a fault pardoned.* Whatever might have been the cause, the untruth escaped me; and my mother, who could pardon almost any crime sooner than a lie, was grievously offended.—'This vice,' said she, 'is connected with every other vice. Should my son ever contract a habit of lying, every other crime will soon follow it; the same meanness of character that could suffer him to stoop to this, would make him equal to any other, however base or criminal. The English have an excellent proverb: *Show me a liar, and I'll show you a thief.*' My mother," continues young Veymur, "pressed into her service every argument that could punish me by making me ashamed of myself. She showed a diffidence in me, which I had never before remarked. Every body, after her example, questioned the truth of all my words and expressions. My most solemn asseverations were of no avail; I could find no one to believe me, or give credit to my words. Whilst I esteemed the word of another sacred as truth itself, and equal to an oath, all my protestations appeared to my acquaintance as cloaks of deception, and equivalent to lies. Oh! how degraded, how fallen did I feel myself at that moment! I detested and abhorred myself. This state of misery was, I allow, but of short duration. But so severe was the trial, that I cannot think it would have been possible for me to have borne with it much longer. This chastisement, which acted so forcibly upon my feelings, completely cured me. No consideration in the world, no threats or promises, no hopes or fears, could ever after induce me to tell a wilful untruth. I dreaded from that moment all manner of lies more than the greatest losses, sufferings, or death itself. I wished, but wished in vain, to tear from my own, and still more from my dear mother's recollection, the remembrance of the crime, that so lost me in my own and her estimation, who never after ceased impressing upon the minds of her children, with increasing zeal and fresh instance, a veneration or sacred love for truth in our every thought, word, and action."

THE DEATH'S-HEAD MOTH.

Moths, though often very beautiful, always indolent, and, as compared with some other insects, harmless to man, have, like bats and owls, got some prejudices raised against them on account of the time at which they are most upon the wing. Their wings are closely feathered; their bodies heavy and unwieldy; and their motions, in consequence, slow; so that they offer to birds a prey which is easily seen from its size, and which has difficulty in escaping. Were they, therefore, to appear during the day, they would be almost sure to fall a sacrifice: the larger to birds, and the smaller to dragon flies and other predatory insects. The night, therefore, is their favourite time for being abroad; and thus they have come in for a share in those imaginary terrors which ignorance always has, and most likely always will associate with darkness; and it is one of the evils of those prejudices that, as there is no reason for their existence, they cannot be removed by reasoning.

The Death's-Head Moth, the *sphinx atropos* of Linnæus, comes in for its full share of this prejudice; and wherever it is found, except by an insect fancier, who knows or cares nothing about its habits, but merely transfixes it with a pin, and sells or shows the carcass, it is regarded as an insect of evil omen.

In this country it is not often found—at least it is one of the rarest of the moths, and found only in warm places. It also selects particular flowers on which to alight; such as the potatoe, the wild solanums, and the jasmine. Its size, its solitary habits, and, above all, its peculiar markings, have procured it the vulgar name. But yet it is an elegant insect: its feathers are peculiarly soft and glossy; and its colours are arranged with very fine effect. Like the rest of the moth family, it has four lepidopterous scaly, or rather feathery wings. Of these, the upper pair are of a rich dark grey, marked with orange and white; and the under ones are of a rich orange, with irregular black bands; the upper part of the abdomen is orange barred with black; and there is upon that of the thorax a large black spot with white markings, which a moderate degree of imagination might regard as a sort of resemblance of a death's-head and cross-bones; which last representation is the cause of the greater part of the apprehension and dread with which the appearance of this harmless and handsome insect is regarded.

There are concurrent causes for the superstition: the moth comes very seldom, being comparatively scarce in all countries; and when it does come, it comes as "a warning voice;" and as it carries the markings of the hatchment and the hearse upon its back, that voice can warn of nothing else than a preparation for the tomb.

Now, if a warning of that sort had the proper effect—that is, if it made people do better in this world, it would matter but little who were the messenger; whether moth, or monitor of a more rational kind: but the mischief is, that those superstitious admonitions, whether they proceed from moth or man, do harm instead of good—cause the alarm, but not the amendment; and, therefore, they ought, upon all occasions, to be exposed. From this insect they are not prevalent in this country; for, to the knowledge of naturalists at least, the death's-head moth is comparatively recent, as well as rare.

On the continent it has been longer and better known; and there are instances in which its appearance has excited great alarm. Reaumur mentions an instance, where, at the entrance of one, by the window of a convent, on a fine summer's evening, the whole of the sisterhood were thrown into an alarm of instant mortality; but whether the warning was attended with the requisite preparation for the event—whether they called upon the fathers to double their diligence in the hour of peril—has not been recorded; and, therefore, cannot now be known. Consequently, we are left to consider the sphinx atropos simply as an insect, in which character it is at least, as an object of curiosity, entitled to rank at the head of British moths.

The unfrequency of the appearance of this moth is a proof of its delicacy, rather than of any deadly power. It seems, indeed, to be much more difficult to rear than any of the other kinds that we have; as the winged insect is often unknown, in places where the larvæ are met with. That mature insects must have been in such places is clear, otherwise there could not be larvæ, but the habits of the creature are so retiring that it skulks under the leaves of its favourite plants, and thus may exist in many places where it has not been seen.

When the larvæ is met with, it occasions nearly as much alarm as the moth, though the alarm be of a different kind. The peasantry, and even a great number of persons who have had considerable advantages of education, are ignorant of the changes that take place in insect life; and, therefore, every caterpillar of an unusual size or shape portends something. We have more than once known one of the death's-head larvæ excite the dread of a plague of locusts, of which ignorance and fear set it down as the pledge and harbinger. True, it is far from being like a locust; but they who felt the alarm knew just as little of a locust as they did of the change of the caterpillar to a moth; and thus the unusual shape and size of the young death's-head made it every way a locust to them.

The caterpillar is, indeed, an unusual one; and both in size and beauty has few equals in the country. The length is between four and five inches; the eyes and antennæ are conspicuous, and the colours are bright. The prevailing colour is a brilliant yellow, with a row of stripes on each side of azure and violet. These are transverse; the ends of them towards the back are pointed, and there are black dots, which are considered by the country people as eyes.

The sound which this moth utters, must, like the chirping of some other insects, and the notes of birds, be considered as a kind of love-song, when it is in a state of nature and free; but it emits a cry of the same kind when captured, upon occasions when fear must be the prevailing passion.

The noise which this, or indeed any other, insect emits, is not a cry or voice of any kind, as those terms are understood among mankind—that is, produced by the action of certain organs upon the breath, emitted by the animal in respiration, for insects have no such organization. The sounds which they produce arise from the action of some part upon the external air, and are effected generally by the rapid vibration of such part of their bodies on their wings, or the rubbing or striking of one part against another. The sound of the common death-watch, which has been so often and so foolishly considered as counting up the moments of human life, is practised by the insect drumming upon wood with its hard and stiff mandibles, in order that its mate may answer to its call. Sometimes the sounds are produced by grating against each other the horny edges of the elytra, or wing-covers; in a few instances the insect is provided with a natural drum, or elastic plate drawn over some hollow, by which a vibrating motion is given to the air, and sound produced; and in the case of the death's-head moth, Reaumur found out that the noise which it makes when confined, proceeds from the friction of the palpi against the mandible, which though a sound originating in part in the mouth, yet can, in no sense of the word, be considered as voice. Voice or not voice, this sound is obviously intended to answer only insect purposes, though how it affects them has not been clearly ascertained, because, with the exception of the sense of seeing, and that which is usually called touch, the senses of insects have not been referred to any particular organs.

FRUITS OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT IN RELIGION.

Among the latest American news is that of the assassination by an armed mob of a religious impostor, who has made no small noise in the United States, called Joe Smith, the "prophet" of a sect instituted by him under the name of the "Mormons" or "Mormonites." As many of our readers may have seen notices of this new and strange sect, and yet know little or nothing of its origin, history, or character, a few particulars gleaned from Buckingham's "Eastern and Western States of America," and the Rev. Robt. Baird's "Religion in the United States," may be interesting.

Joe Smith an educated mechanic, of an ambitious and fanatical turn, living in the interior of the state of New York, pretended that an angel appeared to him in the year 1827, and told him where he would find a stone box, containing certain gold plates, with a revelation from heaven inscribed on them. He spent upwards of three years in translating this new revelation, by celestial aid, from the unknown language in which it was written; and having so done, the gold plates were carried to heaven. The volume professes to be a Supplement to the Bible; it is called *The Book of Mormon*, and gives a pretended history of about 1000 years from the time of Zedekiah, King of Judah, to A. D. 420. The Israelites transported from their native land in the days of Zedekiah are traced in divers pilgrimages till their arrival in America, and down to the year 420, when having peopled and civilized America, the true seed were all destroyed, to the number of 230,000, in a battle with the apostates, at the very spot where the gold plates were found—only one escaping, namely, the prophet Moroni, who wrote the history of his race, and from whose history Joe Smith has translated and abridged *The Book of Mormon*.

With this new Koran, Smith, in imitation of Mahomet, established a sect, of which he was the heaven-appointed prophet, destined to lead them into a Promised Land there to build a New Jerusalem. This Promised Land was the state of Missouri, which the Mormonites were to occupy by divine right, and from which they were to expel all unbelievers, as Joshua took the Holy Land from the Canaanites. When these doctrines were proclaimed abroad by the new settlers whom Smith had deluded to follow him, the former settlers thought their possessions in danger; and, rising against the Mormonites, they drove them, after a severe contest, out of the state of Missouri into that of Illinois. Here they settled at a town called Commerce, near Keokuck, on the east bank of the Mississippi, a little above the junction of the river Des Moines; and they gave to the place the name of Nauvoo. The "prophet" went to Washington to beg President Van Buren to restore them to their Promised Land in Missouri, but of course without success. Buckingham mentions the number of the new sect at 5000; but Mr. Baird, writing four or five years later, reckons them at 10,000. A heterodox Baptist preacher, named Sidney Rigdon, joined Smith some years since, and by his talents and information assisted materially to organize the new community. The Rev. Mr. Baird says of them—

"The Mormons are a body of ignorant dupes, collected from almost all parts of the United States, and also from the British islands. A full exposition of the wickedness of their leaders has lately been made by a John C. Bennet, formerly a major-general in the 'Legion of Nauvoo,' and an important man among them."

The strange pretensions and warlike tone of the Mormonites provoked the settlers in Illinois, as they had formerly done those in Missouri. In those thinly peopled States, law has almost no force, and the settlers decide everything by the rule of the strongest. A general feeling against the Mormonites spread; and of late Joe Smith and his brother Hiram have become so obnoxious to the wild backwoodsmen, that they gave themselves up to the Sheriff, on his pledging himself for the safety of their persons. They were lodged for security in the prison of Carthage; but the savage settlers, accustomed to "Lynch-law," resolved to do their work completely, broke into the prison on the 25th of June, and dispatched the two brothers with many shots.

Thus perishes this fanatical impostor, whom his followers regarded as infallible, and obeyed implicitly. The bodies of the brothers were interred with great solemnity at Nauvoo, where their mother possessed much influence. It seems probable, however, that the death of the "prophet" and the hostility of the settlers will together lead to the speedy dispersion and extinction of the Mormonites.

Varieties.

Fortune.—"A man of fortune;"—when a wise, worldly minded mother makes use of this expression, in an emphatic tone, to a daughter, whom she is going to sacrifice to a sordid consideration of interest and maintenance, it means that the man is worth nothing but his fortune. It strictly implies, by the rule of never calling a man by an inferior title when he has a higher one, that he is not a man of worth, of honour, of virtue, of fine sense, but merely a man of chance; one who would not, in short, have been a man at all, but was made such by fortune. A gambler may also, with great propriety, be termed a "man of fortune."

Tartar on the Teeth.—A singular paper was lately read before the French Academy of Sciences, from M. Mandl, entitled "Microscopic Investigations as to the Nature of the Tartar and Mucus Coverings of the Tongue and Teeth." If we are to believe M. Mandl's Microscope, the human mouth is a perfect cemetery, where millions of infusoria find their catacombs. Leuvenkouk had already told us, that the human mouth was peopled with millions of infusory animals, and that the mucus secretion of its surface served as their ocean; but it remained for M. Mandl to discover, that the tartar which covers the teeth is formed of the mountains of the dead of these inhabitants of this ocean. M. Mandl knows not to what cause to attribute the origin of these microscopic animals, but he has ascertained, he says, that they are most numerous in persons who live on spare diet.

Cause of the Walls of Houses spreading Outward.—This is usually caused by inattention to the foundation. The common practice is to lay the outside to a line, just the width of the building, but to let the inside extend inward past the width of the the wall to the first joists. The inside of the foundation being protected from the wet, the ground remains dry and firm, whereas, the outside becomes softened by the rains, and unless the earth is very solid, it will yield to the pressure of the stone upon it, which causes the wall to lean outward. If the foundation stone were made to project out farther than the wall some ten or twelve inches, and the inside built even, it would rarely happen that walls of houses would spread, and the use of bars and S's would be unnecessary.

Ring-Worm and Scald-Head.—It is well known that these disorders, which are in many respects similar, are contagious; therefore, no comb or hair-brush used by a child affected by them is to be used by another child, either in a school or in the same family. Nor should the hat or cap of such a child be worn by any other. *Treatment.* Let the hair be removed carefully with a razor, dipped frequently in olive oil; and afterwards apply the following lotion by means of fine linen, and cover the whole or part of the head with it. Take of liquor of acetated lead, 2 drachms, distilled vinegar, 6 drachms, sulphuric æther, 2 drachms, rain water, 1 pint.—Mix. This lotion should be applied occasionally at night as well as in the day, and an oil-silk cap should be fitted close to the head, and worn continually.